

# The Tale of Spartan 257

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-06-03 22:57:31

Updated: 2006-09-03 00:45:24

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:55:52

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 885

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: This is my first proper writing about my personal Spartan known as Timothy Wellington and his life protecting the planet Earth.

## 1. Prologue

My name is Timothy Wellington. I was born on the Planet Earth, the "Centre" of the Galaxy. I am a Spartan from the Third Generation project. I have gone through a lot in my lifetime. It is hell. I have lost so much. I guess you will have to listen up if you want to experience what my life has been like. These are my tales of being a Spartan, who said being one was easyâ€¦

## 2. Chapter 1: The Beginning of my new Life

Chapter 1: The Beginning of my new life.

I remember in my youth the growing threat of intergalactic war on Earth, humanities home world and my parents telling me stories of their trips around the Milky Way. My childhood was a pleasant time and I remember my friends from my first year at school. In the year 2543, July 25 it happened.

A wave of star cruisers appeared in the sky and a large amount of purple coloured ships descended. I didn't really know what was going on at the time but I remember my parents rushing me and my sister into hiding and telling us everything was going to be fine. There were guns blazing everywhere. That's when my father got shot and was carried off by the local marines to the nearby medical outpost. Mother, Sister and I were carried off by the marines to be escorted to safety. That was the last time I ever saw my father, me and my sister was incredibly upset. We were being taken across the new tower bridge when a big explosion blew us clean off the bridge and we all tumbled into the river Thames. I couldn't remember much from that point but I couldn't find my mother and it appeared that we lost each

other in the river.

I woke up to find me and my sister down the river banks in the countryside, we travelled back into the city in the tall grasses that surrounded but our vision was blackened and I believe we both collapsed. My sister's name was Louisa and she was ten at the time as I was seven. I woke up to find myself in a confined room and I had no idea where i was. I also got worried when I couldn't find my big sister Louisa. I was happy to find that I met up with her in a large room not long after I woke up, there was also many other children whom I think was aged around 6-11 in the room. A woman called for our attention saying something about being selected for a project, at the time I didn't understand because I was still learning some of the basic language. I noticed that everyone was given numbers which I also didn't understand but I later realised that us children have been selected as the next generation of war machines to combat the Covenant. My number was "257" which I think was chosen because of that doomed day back in New London. I learnt about the Covenant in my training and finally realised those purple ships was aliens trying to take us over. I was determined to take them out for killing my father.

I had injections when I was 9 years old which made me stronger, I didn't need my glasses anymore too after one of them which gave me better eyesight. I had made some good friends over the years but also the loss off some of the children still is with me. They died in the operations, I guess I was lucky. When I had hit 13 we were split into two groups, people that failed in the enhancement process were taught background tactical strategies where the other half was taught how to use weapons. I grew skills in accuracy and excelled when using the Lockjaw as it was known, a shotgun with ferocious power. I was one of the few who could handle its recoil at my age. Louisa grew attached to the Reaper Sniper rifle; she could take aim from a very large distance and pick off stimulants quickly with little ammo loss. I remember the time when we had a race to a old wooden outpost when we was first learning how to use the Mongoose ATVs, those was pretty fun but we did get in trouble when we drove off a cliff into a river, Normally that would seriously injure a human but we got out harmless. That was the first time I realised how more superior when compared to humans us "Spartans" was. We learned skills in alien weapons too. I enjoyed tinkering with the so called "Needler" by adjusting its ammo and some of the built in technology in our galactic science class.

The time had finally come for us to become full fledged active Spartans. Out of the original 300 Children only 207 of them remained. 110 of these made it into active service where the remaining 97 became command staff and monitored missions. According to the records on Reach II, Some of the Spartans had failed their first missions, Missing in action and some was even Killed. I can recall my first mission, it was a success however I remember the losses we had to endure that dayâ€¦

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file.